

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FURRED KIND

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The long highway knifes its way through the desert, barely visible in the pitch black.

A bright light appears on the highway. Distant at first, but growing larger and larger until the sound of an engine is audible.

SUPER:

The Australian Outback
44km North of Alice Springs
October 28, 2009

The engine belongs to a dusty, rickety old Ford ute. It pulls onto the side of the road. The Beatles' "Twist and Shout" can be heard from the radio as HENRY WALKER (61) kills the engine and climbs out of the cab.

He walks a few yards into the bush that peppers the dark ground, unzips his jeans and starts to urinate.

HENRY
(humming)
"Well shake it up, baby, now...
twist and shout... c'mon, c'mon,
c'mon, c'mon, baby, now... c'mon
and work it on out..."

P.O.V. - THE PROWLER

On the other side of the road, moving quickly towards Henry's ute -- his singing can be clearly heard.

The Prowler moves past Henry's ute and Henry -- facing the other way -- is unaware that the Prowler is approaching.

EXT. BUSH

Henry is now whistling the song as he urinates, swaying to and fro as though he were dancing when --

A dark shape rushes close by.

Henry snaps his head into that direction, his whistling cut off instantly. He looks around him, his mouth open. He waits.

HENRY
(quietly humming)
"You know you got me goin' now...
Just like I knew you would..."

He finishes his piss and zips up his jeans. He takes another suspicious look around then heads back to his ute.

He opens the door to climb in, when a rustling noise catches his attention. He turns his gaze to the opposite side of the road, where a large bush is vibrating and shaking.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What the...?

Cautiously, Henry approaches the bush a step at a time. The rustling continues.

P.O.V. - THE PROWLER

With incredible speed, it comes around the cab of the ute and straight towards Henry, who is facing the other way.

A high-pitched, gravelly snarl catches his attention. He spins around, his face frozen in terror and the prowler is upon him --

EXT. OUTBACK

Henry's screams rings across the flat desert.

EXT. FAIR GROUNDS - NIGHT

A panoramic view of a giant field that has been transformed into a large fair with all the bells and whistles: food stands, games, a Ferris wheel, a petting zoo, rides, the works.

SUPER:

The Town of Shiloh's Bend

EAMON SCHOFIELD (17), handsome and wearing every day clothes, walks through the entrance gate, slipping five bucks to a bouncer dressed as a scary clown and walks up to a pretty girl with her back to him.

EAMON

Hey.

JEMMA SCHOFIELD (17), wearing a convincing Harry Potter costume, spins around and smiles at Eamon.

JEMMA

Hey, bro.

(beat)

Sweet 'stume, dude.

EAMON

What?

JEMMA

Your costume, Eamon! Where's your costume?

EAMON

I'm wearing my costume, Jemma. I'm the guy who doesn't believe in this stupid holiday.

JEMMA

(rolling her eyes)
That's the Halloween spirit.

EAMON

"Halloween spirit?"
What are you talking about? Halloween was invented by a bunch of moronic Americans to make themselves feel better about being so fat. This is just them shoving their hyped-up, superficial, cooked-in-saturated-fat culture down our throats.

JEMMA

Did you know that in June, 2008 Australia overtook America as the most overweight nation in the world?

He shoots her an indignant look.

EAMON

Where's Decklin?

JEMMA

One of the mothers took him and some friends to the petting zoo. C'mon, let's get some fairy floss.

They walk off.

EXT. PETTING ZOO

A cacophony of children's screams and animals noises assault CHERYL LANGFORD (39) as she attempts to supervise the children.

CHERYL

David, don't hold the goat by it's back legs! Jimmy, put the rabbit down! Billy, get that duck out of your mouth right now!

She rushes off.

DECKLIN SCHOFIELD (8) dressed as Spider-Man, is teasing a little lamb; presenting a handful of food pellets and then snatching it away at the last second.

DECKLIN
(giggling)
Stupid lamb.

Something catches his attention --

A little kangaroo joey, which is sitting on its hind legs watching him.

DECKLIN (CONT'D)
Hey, little fella.

He drops the pellets and starts walking towards him, taking off a Spider-Man glove and extending his hand.

DECKLIN (CONT'D)
What's your name --

The joey lunges at Decklin's hand, snapping his teeth around some fingers. Decklin yelps and yanks his hand away. His face is a mask of fright and confusion as the joey bares its teeth and starts hissing.

Decklin backs away.

DECKLIN (CONT'D)
Cheryl! The kangaroo bit me!

EXT. OVERLOOKING HILL

A large hill, covered with tall grass, that gives a panoramic view of the fair grounds.

The grass rustles and sways as a dark shape makes its way towards the crest of the hill.

At first there is only one, but soon there are two... then three... five... ten.... then dozens of dark shapes heading straight into the festival.

EXT. FAIR GROUNDS

Eamon and Jemma step away from the large drum that fairy floss is made from, eating their's from plastic bags.

JEMMA
I'm just saying, you could've put in a little effort. A Batman, a George Costanza, a Pope Benedict. Oooo, you could've been that Hispanic Supreme Court woman. You know her name.

EAMON
 What am I, Bill Maher? How am I
 supposed to know?

Decklin comes running up to them, with Cheryl chasing behind.

DECKLIN
 Jemma! Jemma!

He runs into her arms, crying.

JEMMA
 What's the matter, what's wrong?

She kneels and hugs him back.

DECKLIN
 The kangaroo bit me! Look!

He displays his wounded hand, which is streaming with blood.

EAMON
 (at Cheryl)
 What happened?

CHERYL
 He got bit, I dunno.

JEMMA
 Awww, poor bugger. C'mon, let's
 get you a bandage.

Suddenly, a woman's high-pitched scream catches everyone's attention.

The crowd -- including Eamon, Jemma and Decklin -- turn and sees a disheveled, terrified looking woman come running down the fairway covered in mud.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN
 Help me! Someone help!

She comes to a screeching halt a few meters in front of Eamon.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Kangaroo... big kangaroo...

Her entire body suddenly jolts like she was stabbed. Her eyes roll over and a trickle of blood spills over her lips as she drops to the ground, revealing --

A GIANT RED KANGAROO

standing behind her, up on its tail, hind legs positioned vertical and coated in blood.

Decklin's eyes widen in fear.

DECKLIN

Far out...

The kangaroo lets out a roaring hissing/clicking sound and all hell breaks loose.

MAN (O.S.)

Run!

A pack of thirty enormous kangaroos come bounding into the fairway out of nowhere.

People run and scream. Tables and stalls are knocked over. Kangaroos leap and attack as the hoards trample over one another to escape.

Eamon scoops Decklin up in his arms and launches into a run with Jemma close behind. Decklin starts screaming.

DECKLIN

What's happening!?

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- A large kangaroo crash-tackles a Frankenstein man from behind and starts clawing.

-- A kangaroo leaps up on its tail and kicks a screaming man in the chest. He goes whooshing backwards and tumbles into the fairy floss vat. His screams are cut off and the pink candy is stained dark red.

EXT. ENTRANCE

Amidst the raging hoards of screaming escapists, Jemma and Eamon, with Decklin in his arms, come bounding out of the fair grounds.

JEMMA

Where's your car?

EAMON

Over here!

They break off to the left, away from the main crowd as the kangaroos advance on the people.

One woman trips and before she gets up, is dragged screaming and clawing underneath a nearby car.

A bearded man reaches his car, fumbles for his keys but a kangaroo slams him to the ground, obscuring him from view as another two kangaroos pounce like velociraptors.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Eamon and Jemma race for their car -- an old Holden Commodore sitting away from the others.

Eamon hands Decklin off to Jemma, fumbles for his keys, drops them, grabs them again.

Screams of pain and terror can be heard, mingling with the growing sounds of sirens.

INT. CAR

Jemma slips Decklin into the backseat, buckles him up, climbs over the seat into the front as Eamon keys the ignition.

The wide-eyed body of a woman dressed as a witch slams against the windshield. The three scream as the body stares at them blankly before sliding off, leaving a trail of blood smeared on the glass, revealing --

A large kangaroo standing right in front of the car. Eamon's eyes widen.

EAMON

Get down! Decklin, get down!

He reaches back, pushing Damon onto the floor, who covers his head with his arms.

Eamon puts the car in reverse and slams the accelerator. The car peels away from the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The kangaroo gives chase, slamming its entire body into the side of the car, rocking it.

INT. CAR

Eamon shifts into first, yanks the wheel hard --

EXT. PARKING LOT

The car swings around, tires tearing up grass as it pulls out onto a dirt road and tears off, leaving a plume of dust in its wake.

EXT. ROAD

The car thunders down the road, scenery whizzing by, headlights blazing.

INT. CAR

Decklin glances up from the floor.

DECKLIN

What's going on? Why are the roos hurting people?

JEMMA

I dunno, Deck. I dunno.

(to Eamon)

What are we gonna do?

EAMON

Get out of town, out of the bush.
Make for one of the cities.
Alice, maybe Darwin or Adelaide.

JEMMA

We should stop at home first, get some supplies.

Eamon nods in agreement. Jemma leans into the back, wraps her arms around Decklin.

JEMMA (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay, buddy. We'll figure something out.

DECKLIN

You promise?

JEMMA

Pinky promise. We're just gonna stop at home for a second.

EAMON

Er, maybe not.

Jemma leans into the front seat, looks out the window --

They're moving through a small residential area now. Cars and crashed on the sides of the road, some strewn on the road itself.

Bodies lie in the street and on the pathway, some houses are on fire. People are running, screaming. Dozens of kangaroos terrorise and torment.

JEMMA

All right. Let's just get out of town.

EAMON

Agreed.

He pulls the car into a high gear.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The Commodore comes peeling off a side road and onto the highway. They pass a sign with a picture of a hopping kangaroo on it, which reads: "NOW LEAVING SHILOH'S BEND! HOPE YOU HAD A HOPPING GOOD TIME!"

INT. CAR

Jemma pulls off her fake glasses and her Harry Potter robe.

DECKLIN
I think I'm bleeding.

She leans into the back again.

JEMMA
Where?

DECKLIN
My head.

He presents the back of his head to her. Jemma flicks on the roof light and inspects a small gash that is staining his hair red.

Eamon watches in the rear view mirror.

JEMMA
We'll get it looked at when we get to Alice, okay?

Decklin nods.

Jemma turns back into the front and as soon as she glances at the road, her mouth becomes an O of horror.

JEMMA (CONT'D)
Eamon, look out!

He jerks his head around and sees --

A massive kangaroo standing in the middle of the road.

Acting on instinct alone, Eamon swerves wildly.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The car veers wildly, tires screeching and arcs around the kangaroo before flipping up onto its left front wheel.

The entire Commodore jackknives, tumbling end over end over end before landing in spectacular fashion on its roof in a smoking heap.

EXT. CAR WRECKAGE

Coughing and grunting against pain, Eamon smashes open his door and crawls out onto the road.

He sits up against the wreckage.

EAMON

Is everyone okay?

DECKLIN

Yeah, I think so.

JEMMA

Umm, maybe. I think... I think my arm is broken.

Eamon reaches into the car, lifting Decklin out onto the road. He goes back in for Jemma.

With some effort, he manages to drag her out onto the road. Eamon is bleeding badly from a gash on his forehead, Jemma's arm is bent and she's favouring it. Decklin is relatively unscathed.

EAMON

C'mon, we gotta keep going.

DECKLIN

Eamon, look!

He points back towards the town. About fifty meters down the road, a huge group of kangaroos are watching the trio motionlessly.

Eamon stares, breathing hard, not daring to move.

EAMON

C'mon, move slowly.

He wraps his arm around Jemma, hoists her to his feet. Decklin supports her other side and the three begin to slowly and carefully hobble down the road.

THE KANGAROOS

Watch silently, not moving.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Eamon, Jemma and Decklin have made it about twenty more meters when Decklin spots something.

DECKLIN

Hey, look it's a truck!

Henry's rickety old ute is parked by the side of the road, door hanging open.

With all caution and restraint, Eamon loads Decklin and Jemma into the cab. The kangaroos are still watching them.

He takes a quick glance back at them --

EAMON
So long, Skippy.

-- and hops into the cab, closing the door behind him.

He starts the engine with a thick, spluttering crunch. The ute pulls onto the highway.

INT. UTE

The three sit silently, exhausted and injured. But alive.

EAMON
That... was very strange.

DECKLIN
That was far out.

Jemma nods in stunned agreement.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The ute drives off into the night.

THE KANGAROOS

Watch them for a moment, almost curiously, and then slowly start to disperse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZOO - KANGAROO ENCLOSURE

SUPER:

Taronga National Zoo, Sydney
Two weeks later...

CHRIS SULLIVAN (4), a small plucky boy, walks up to the glass enclosure and presses his face up against it.

There is a small, but adult, kangaroo eating close by, who notices he is being watched.

CHRIS
Wow... so cool.

The kangaroo carefully hops over to the glass, cocking its head in curious observation.

And then it lunges at Chris -- slamming into the glass.

Chris shrieks and turns, running away as he starts to cry.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mummy, mummy! That kangaroo tried
to kill me!

The kangaroo lets out of subdued hissing/clicking before galloping away to join his pack.

FADE OUT.

THE END.